Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and ſuch another neighbor ſtood in our way;
If we may paſſe, we will; if we be hindered,
We ſhal your tawny grouñd with your red blood diſcolour
So *Montioy* get you gone, there's for your paines:
The ſum of all our anſwere is but this,
We would not ſeeke a battle as we are;
Nor as we are, we ſay we will not ſhun it.

Herald. I ſhall deliuer ſo: thanks to your Maieſty.

Gloſt. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs;
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exit.*

Enter Burbon, Conſtable, Orleance, and Gebon.

Con. Tut, I haue the beſt armour in the world.

Orleance. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horſe haue his due.

Bur. Now you talke of a horſe,
I haue a ſteed like the Palfrey of the ſunne,
Nothing but pure aire and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Bur. And of the heate of the Ginger.
Turne all the ſands into eloquent tongues,
And my horſe is argument for them all:
I once writ a Sonnet in the praiſe of my horſe,
And began thus, Wonder of nature.

Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin ſo,
In the praiſe of ones Miſtreſſe.

Bur. Why then did they imitate
That which I writ in praiſe of my horſe,
For my horſe is my Miſtreſſe.

Con. Ma foy the other day, me-thought
Your Miſtreſſe ſhooke you ſhrewdly.

Bur.

Bur. I, bearing me. I
My Miſtreſſe weares he
Con. I could make as
If I had a Sow to my M
Bur. Tut, thou wilt n
Con. Yet I do not vſe
Bur. Will it neuer b
Ile ride too morrow a
And my way ſhall be
Con. By my faith ſo
For feare I be out-face
Bur. Well, ile go ar
Gebon. The Duke of
Orleance. I, he longs
Con. I thinke hee'l e
Orlean. O peace, ill
Con. Ile cap that Pro
With there's flattery i
Orle. O ſir, I can anſ
With giue the Diuell
Con. Haue at the ey
With a iogge of the D
Orle. Well, the Dul
The moſt actiue Gent
Con. Doing his acti
Orle. He neuer did
Con. No I warrant y
Orle. I hold him to
Con. I was told ſo b
you.
Orle. Whoſe that ?
Con. Why he told
And ſaid he cared not
Orle. Well, who wi
For a hundred Engliſ
Con. You muſt go

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22291) LONDON, 1608 [1619] UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG